Have You Any
ARTIFICIAL TEETH
That You Do not Want?

I pay full value for them, or offer made.

Teeth returned promptly, post free, if offer not satisfactory.

Before selling, write for Free Booklet. It explains very clearly the value of any make of artificial teeth.

E. LEWIS,
29, LONDON STREET
SOUTHPORT, Lancs.
ESTABLISHED 1870.
(Please mention "John Bull.")

The Pocket Pal—"John Bull" Pen. Coupon, Page 10.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 624 | SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1918. | TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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SAVING MONEY

The largest Tea Growers, Manufacturers, and Retailers of Food Products in the World
Tea Merchants
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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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Fleecily soft is Jason wear owing to the special finishing process to which every garment is subject. And this smoothness of texture lasts as long as the garment in spite of frequent washings.

Being all-wool Jason ensures both comfort and safety from chill to all wearers.

Ask to see Jason undergarments at your outfitter's.

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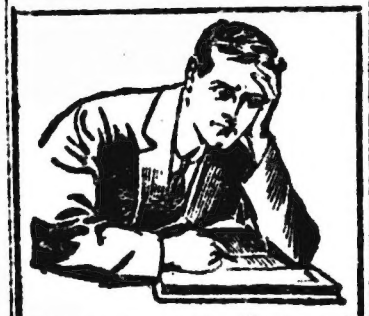

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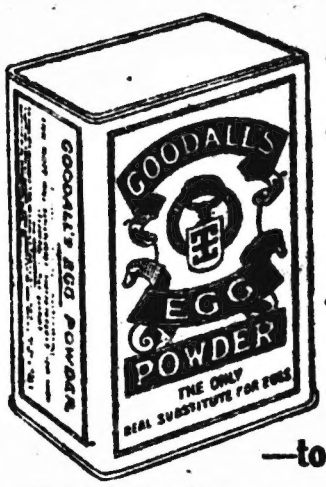

Made for YOU

—to save YOU money.

This 7d. tin will save you 21 eggs.

THOUGH Goodall's Egg Powder is so largely used by the big cookery experts to get the best out of any flour it isn't intended just for them. It's really meant for *you*, and it's made so perfectly and so accurately that you can get just as good results as they do. And first time you try too!

IT looks quite ordinary—just a clean powder of beautiful yellow colour—yet it performs really wonderful things. It will save you three-quarters of the cost of eggs, yet give you cakes as light, as rich, as moist, and as delicious as if you had a pre-war larder to draw upon.

Proved by analysis

IN the "Times" special Food Number there appeared an independent analysis of the leading varieties of Egg Powder.

Miss Elsie Mary Wright
Cordon Bleu Medallist of the National School of Cookery, Domestic Editress of "Everywoman's Weekly," reports:

"The Analysis of Goodall's Egg Powder in the "Times Food Number" is evidence that it has been most skilfully and scientifically prepared. Its great advantage over other Egg substitutes is that it contains a minimum of baking powder, the consequence being that cakes, etc., made with it retain all their richness instead of being dry and tasteless. The analysis also shows that Goodall's Egg Powder contains valuable albuminous and phosphatic."

NOW that foods are so dear, judge them by analysis and buy *Goodall's* Egg Powder. Be sure you get the real thing—there are many Egg Powders, *but none so good as Goodall's*. Write us if your grocer hasn't it—or he can easily get it if you ask.

1½d. packets; 7d. and 1/2 tins.

Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds.

LATE SPRING **SALE** OF WITNEY BLANKETS

DIRECT FROM WITNEY. VIEW AND FEEL LOVELY. PATTERNS FREE.
Sweeping Reductions. Astonishing Bargains. Do Not Delay.

In this Sale the Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., are offering very large stocks of special goods at remarkably low prices.

The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., has become of world-wide fame for the surpassing value of its blankets. Made in Witney—the famous home of blankets for centuries. Secure the right article and the best—at lowest Sale prices by buying now.

A Wealth of Warmth from Witney. Witney's Warmth is Nature's Warmth. Think of the warming effect of the sheep's coat. Witney Blankets have all this natural warmth.

SENT TO ALL PARTS.

WITNEY BLANKETS ARE PROTECTED BY LAW.

It has been decided by law that only blankets made at Witney may be sold as 'WITNEY BLANKETS.'

FREE HOME-VIEWING OFFER.

The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., send free to each applicant a parcel of dainty "Miniature Blankets" as patterns, delightfully made and decorated with pretty borders.

The patterns bring forth ejaculations of delight from all. Everyone is charmed with them. They show the exact article in various grades and prices.

"SEE BEFORE BUYING!"

are the watchwords of the Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., whose Blankets are a credit to British Manufacture, and reveal in all their beauty and quality the true Witney art.

Everyone who sees the miniature blankets is convinced of the outstanding merits of the WITNEY BLANKETS here offered. Send for the patterns to-day by filling in Coupon. Direct from Witney will then come a parcel of absorbing interest, showing best value in blankets. Many testimonials constantly received. Don't miss the exceptional bargains now obtainable. Get the finest warm wool blankets from Witney. Large stock of Flannels, Flannel substitute, Pyjama cloths, Sheets, Quilts, &c., now on offer.

FILL IN COUPON BELOW for Miniature Patterns and Particulars of

BLANKETS STRAIGHT FROM WITNEY.

To the WITNEY BLANKET CO., Ltd., Baldon Road Works, Witney, Oxfordshire.

Please send me Miniature Blankets as Patterns of Blankets direct from Witney (which I agree to return within FOUR DAYS the Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., paying carriage both ways), together with the low Sale Prices. Also send particulars of your "New Blankets for Old" Exchanging Offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

"John Bull" 18.5.18.....

THE WITNEY BLANKET Co LIMITED WITNEY

Royal Trade Mark — Royal Trade Mark

A GUARANTEED STYLE CRAFT SPORTS COAT with Flannel Trousers costs much less than your ordinary non-guaranteed suits. Yet you gain comfort with correct style, and greater durability.

ALL STYLE CRAFT Men's Wear—Boys' too—carries *in the pocket* the Guarantee that if it fails to satisfy or wear, we replace it free through your dealer. You get this guarantee *only* in STYLE CRAFT.

STYLE CRAFT Sports Coats	27/6 to 50/-
" " Flannel Trousers, Grey or White	15/- to 21/-
"STYLE CRAFT JUNIOR"	
Grey Shorts	5/6 to 7/6
Whites	9/- to 11/-
Sports Coats	14/6 to 25/6

All carry the STYLE CRAFT Guarantee in the pocket

If any difficulty in obtaining STYLE CRAFT, write to the Sole Manufacturers,

BARKER AND MOODY, Limited,
Paddock Works, Shafton Lane, HOLBECK, LEEDS.

(Address Enquiries to Dept. "E.")

There is a STYLE CRAFT Agent in every Town that has a population of 2000 or over. Also abroad. P.C.B.—69

Another Jag

Confound it! Still there's always **Mend-a-Tear**

that will mend without stitches—just a piece of Mend-a-Tear adhesive—a hot iron and the thing is done. And, boys, it's sold in 1/- Cartons—general for all kinds of clothes, khaki for macintoshes, etc. Free sample in return for penny stamped addressed envelope from

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXIII. No. 624. Week ending Saturday, May 18th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Last of the "Crises."

Let us hope that we have had the last of the political "crises"—which don't count a twopenny damn in the conduct of the war—and that the mandarins and marionettes of Westminster will now stick to their proper job.

Theirs not to reason why—
Theirs but to vote Supply.

What a Game!

Both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith have their respective "Press"—and here is a sample:—*Daily Mail:* "A feeble performance was Mr. Asquith's; he has long been an exploded force." *Express:* "Mr. Asquith's attack was feeble and half-hearted." Now for the other side. "A plain accusation has been spirited away by a trick of legerdemain"—thus the *Daily News*. And thus the *Chronicle:* "The Prime Minister did not come to close quarters with either of the charges." *What* a game it is!

"Cocoa Slops."

And what do you think of that classic reference by the Prime Minister to the effusions of his erstwhile friends of Bouverie Street? It's a strange world!

"Mr. Bottomley, M.P."

Since the publication of our article under this title, we have been invited to stand for over a score of divisions, where, we are assured, we should "romp in." But our romping days are over!

Bull's Bill.

A large number of sailors and soldiers have taken in a military sense Sir William Bull's Bill to "conscript" women. Of course, the burly Bull of Hammersmith has no thought of putting the ladies in the Trenches—whilst any other form of conscription is quite unnecessary.

That Hyde Park Garage.

We mean the War Office one—where over a hundred cars stand; and we are thinking about the waste of the time of the drivers, and of petrol, in fetching young officers from the suburbs, taking them to restaurants for lunch, and the rest of it. That's all!

Official Secrets.

Whilst sitting in a Midland hotel the other evening one of our staff, who was in the district on business, noticed a General, in the smoking room, unfasten a packet of official documents and commence to read them; then the dinner bell rang—whereupon the gallant warrior made for the dining room, leaving the papers on the table! *Of course* our man didn't look at them!

Lord Rhondda.

We know that the Lord of the Larder has been really ill; but, all the same, hasn't his threatened resignation had something to do with the setting up of the "Food Supply Board," which is to divide responsibility with his Ministry?

Yet Another "Board."

And, by the way, what *is* the Food Supply Board—is it Yapp's "Economy" stunt under another name?

TO OUR READERS.

As from June 10th, a new Order in Council will come into force forbidding the supply of all newspapers on "sale or return." From that date, therefore, to make sure of your copy of JOHN BULL it is essential that you should give a definite order to your newsagent or bookstall for its regular supply.

A Redeeming Feature!

The *Derry Journal* honours us with a leader dealing with our recent review of the war situation, and is good enough to say that "although by no means free from fault as a bumptuous tutor of the public," we "do not lack brains." Well, that's something in these days of dull mediocrity.

A Mesopotamia Story.

Here is a typical case. An electric launch was taken on a barge to Basra, and there being no crane available for unloading, a bright genius suggested sinking the barge and allowing the launch to float off. This was duly done—*but* they forgot to untie the ropes, and both barge and launch went to the bottom of the sea!

"An Enlightened Cleric."

We have received a long and interesting letter from the Rev. L. B. Ashby, Vicar of St. Mary's, Hitchin, correcting the paragraph under the above heading which appeared in a recent issue. It appears that he did not say that he is "an enthusiastic" reader of, and "a great believer" in, us—but, all the same, he did say some nice things about us—so we will leave it at that.

Two Pamphlets.

You may have either or both for the asking—Mr. Bottomley's City Career, and the Albert Hall Speeches. Just a post-card to our publishers will bring them along.

Quotation for the Kaiser.

This from a Shakespearian student: "This PUSH will cheer me ever—or dis-seat me now." Good old Macbeth!

Their Holes.

The new policy appears to be, not digging the German rats out of their holes, but sealing them up in them. Which is just as good.

The Hidden Hand.

Look out for some revelations in connection with the loss of several vessels belonging to a British shipping company—the losses synchronising with the period during which certain Teutonic-born financiers were on the Board.

Bring Him Back.

Whilst we are all elated at those Zeebrugge and Ostend exploits of our Navy, let it be remembered that the author of the scheme was that fine sailor now whiling away the time on the golf course, Admiral Jellicoe.

An Abortive *Coup*.

We hear a strange story of how the Irish Nationalists planned a little *coup* to come over *en bloc* on the eve of the division on Mr. Asquith's motion, to vote against the Government—only to find, on arrival at Kingstown, *that no boat was running that night*. Mere coincidence, of course. But you should have heard the language!

No Saint.

According to the Rev. Gwessen Jenkins, of East Ham, the Kingdom of God doesn't necessarily embrace the cleverest people in the world—"otherwise," says he, "the Editor of JOHN BULL would be a saint." Wasn't it Sir Edward Marshall Hall who said, the other day, "Show me a saint, and I'll avoid him"?

Spy Plays.

These are all the rage just now. Go and see Hall Caine's "Prime Minister"—and look out for a wonderful new production now in course of rehearsal.

£2,500 for 15s. 6d.

Our scheme for a War Savings Certificate Combination, with prizes ranging from £2,500 to £1, is nearly complete, so that if you wish to hear about it you must write at once.

Premium Bonds.

And the success of the scheme, coupled with the slump in the sale of War Bonds, will undoubtedly hasten the adoption by the Government of this wonderful means of raising revenue.

Hun-Sabbatarian.

Many, of course, were the laments of the Rev. C. W. Wilson, Rector of Walcot, at the Bath Lord's Day Observance Society meeting. "It is perfectly amazing," was one of them, "that almost all battles seem to take place on sacred days." That's the worst of the Hun. He is always doing something improper.

A Stony-Hearted Tribunal.

There is an instruction to Tribunals to give special consideration to an only son remaining, when a brother has been killed. At Birmingham the son left is the sole support of his mother, and she is a widow. But the other brother has not fallen in action. He is in a military lunatic asylum, as the result of shell-shock. So the stony-hearted Tribunal have taken her only boy, the only prop that was left to that crippled widow of 65!

The Lost Quarters.

Precious time is often wasted in shipyards when men arrive a minute or two late, for the gates are shut against them, and they are compelled to "lose a quarter." It is not always their fault. Irregular trains and crowded trams are to blame. A Belfast man got up at four, travelled nine miles, was crowded off a tram, arrived a little late, and lost a quarter of the morning—while the State lost his labour. Municipalities and boroughs should at the very least arrange for a full tram service to every yard.

Confusion on the Railways.

Nearly half the wagons on our railways are privately owned. If a number of them run to a seaport to load a ship, they return empty. If there is a vessel in port to be unloaded, the railway company must send its own empty wagons to bring up the stuff. If a string of private wagons bring coal to London, back they go empty, followed immediately by a train of fully-loaded railway-owned wagons, bound for the same town. Shouldn't the State-controlled railways commandeer all private wagons?

Brew and Profit.

These are the prices of Watney, Combe and Reid, wholesale, as revealed to us, and the public-house prices for same: "Mild ale, 68s. barrel, sold at 4d. pint = £4 16s.; cost, £3 8s.; profit per barrel, £1 8s. Porter, at 120s., sold at 9d. pint = £10 16s.; cost, £6; profit per barrel, £4 16s. Bitter, at 140s., sold at 1s. pint = £14 8s.; cost, £7; profit per barrel, £7 8s." Perhaps somebody will now tell us what benefit the public derives from Government control.

Weather Permitting.

An old-age pensioner of 78, deaf and dumb, was in the Bishop's Stortford Infirmary for some months. Discharged six weeks ago, he has since been waiting for his Pension Book, taken from him on admission. The other day he received a notice from the Pensions Officer at Standon-by-Ware. "The Pensions Officer will call," it said, "upon you on Monday . . . at or about 1 o'clock p.m., to see you in order to deliver to you a book of pension orders for the next half year. . . . . If wet, expect me next Wednesday." We have no meteorological report about Monday, and it is not stated when the delivery of the book would take place if it were wet "next Wednesday." In any case, let us hope it was dry on Thursday, Friday, or Saturday, at latest. The old man might have wanted to buy himself a drink for Sunday.

Historical.

In the week of July 10th, 1914, a party of Germhun schoolboys, "tall, sturdy, keen-eyed fellows," were visiting London. "We are on quite a peaceful visit to England," said one of the lads "with a smile," reports the *Daily Mirror* of the day, "and although we are taking notes as spies do, I hope people won't think we are spying with evil intent." How many of those boys are still alive in the war, and what is their record in it?

The Fat in the Fire.

The Egham-Staines postal delivery joke is still in full swing. Of course, the Staines postman doesn't know much about Egham folk, and the other day he delivered a cablegram from a doctor just gone out to Palestine, and meant for his wife, to another lady of the same name, whose husband, a High Church dignitary, died recently. The telegram ran: "Mrs. ——, Egham. Arrived here safe but infernally hot"!

Heard in Private.

It is a puzzling feature about Tribunal appeals that when they are heard in private the result is always exemption or extension. At Bangor, two brothers got a hearing *in camera*, and secured their exemption. The next man did not request a private hearing, and he has to go. Then came the turn of a manager, Class A, who succeeded in getting the doors shut, followed by six months' exemption. Somebody ought to find out what *does* happen at these private shows; the results are uncanny.

Falling from Grace Again.

Lord Bute has proved dodgy after all. The arrangements to grant right of access to the allotment holders have been made, not, as they should have been, with the Cardiff Corporation, but with the Secretary and Committee of the Llandaff Weir Allotments Association. And the members of the Association feel they have been "done." Right of access *is* granted, but you have to walk a mile to the Secretary's house for the key, open the gate, lock it when you've done, and return the key to the Secretary.

Aerodromic.

It is an ill war that nobody thinks lovely. In the Retford Town Council a member, Mr. Hollely, exhibited a "large number" of aluminium wheels collected by one boy from the scrap heap of a local aerodrome; told of a lad of 17½ years who was receiving at the canteen 12s. daily, with two meals, and 24s. for Sundays, and mentioned another who—getting £3 12s. 6d. a week, with 12s. for Sundays—was told not to work so hard or the job wouldn't last. As some contractors receive from the Government 10 per cent. on the amount they spend, they naturally don't mind paying extravagant wages.

Black Diamonds.

Somebody is doing over well out of the black diamond trade also. When we raised this question long, long ago, the miner swore he was getting hardly enough to live on; the colliery owner took his solemn oath that he was nearly in the Bankruptcy Court; the merchant raised his hands to heaven and proclaimed that he was in business as a philanthropist; and the coalman wiped his hand across his nose and swore he was slowly breaking his back for a mere pittance. At this point we retired.

Welsh Blood.

Peace hath her heroes no less renown'd than war. There is Gunner Lewis, of Abertillery, for example. For all that he has been wounded and was in hospital till November last, he "volunteered to allow his blood to be taken to save the life of another soldier in France." The Gunner sacrificed 2¾ pints, and the recipient was saved. Another Welsh hero!

Half-Starved Horses.

"Only a few days ago," a Dorchester reader reminds us, "there was a case of a cart-horse reported in which it was stated the horse had been worked 9 hours and had been given no food for 24 hours. I wonder if the owner or driver of that horse would like to go 24 hours without food!" No need to wonder. If his wife didn't feed the brute more frequently, he would probably give her a black eye.

"Honoured and Welcome."

From a Swindon lady: "I would like the writer of the article, 'Unfit and Unwanted,' to know there is at the least one girl willing to give up her post to any discharged soldier who can fill it, if the Powers That Be will allow. I am a civilian clerk working for the R.A.F., and hope there are thousands of girls who, like myself, would like to cross out 'Unfit and Unwanted,' and put in its place 'Honoured and Welcome.'" Some girl that for the boys! But none of them can have her. She is married.

More "Paper Talk."

On the reading-room table of Welshpool Public Library—and probably on the reading-room table of every other in the kingdom—is a "Report on Public Baths and Washhouses in the United Kingdom, printed at the University Press, Edinburgh, 1918." The measurement of this great war book in a time of alleged acute paper-shortage is 11 by 5½ by 2 inches—some 300 pages at that—and to all appearances nobody has so much as opened it or is likely to, even when the war drum throbs no longer and the battle flags are furled.

"Simple Life in Sussex."

Developments followed our revelations, a few weeks ago, about that abandoned Aviation Park in Sussex. Men had been discharged, but large numbers remained, doing nothing except draw pay of hundreds of pounds weekly. They ran riot over unrestricted food (and drink) for themselves and friends, and our pertinent query was, "What did it all mean?" Shortly after our par. appeared the authorities arrived on the scene, to take strong measures. There has been an arrest and some summonses, and we hope sweetness and light have been brought to a dark spot.

"A Mysterious Case."

The paragraph under this heading, apropos of the suicide in Canada of a 14-year-old boy, has resulted in his brother—a soldier in hospital in France—and married sister communicating with us. It appears that the unfortunate lad when quite young fell into the hands of the police as being beyond control, and was sent from a Boys' Home to Canada. His relatives had received no news of him for some years—until the publication of our paragraph no intelligence of his fate had reached them. The reason for his act demands the closest inquiry on the part of the British authorities; these terrible suicides of children—who are sent out often to be merely slaves amongst strangers and in a strange land—are a gross scandal.

Women (not) Wanted.

A Hull girl desiring to do national work was given forms to fill, others were sent to three references, each with a big envelope for return, she was ordered to Doncaster to see doctor and Selection Committee, papers were on the spot containing her dossier—altogether a big amount of clerical work and expense; then she was turned down. Out of 50 applicants, 12 were selected!

The Clerks in the Cold.

Bonuses seem to go fairly freely in Government-controlled establishments to unskilled hands, to messengers, labourers, and the liftman, but seldom to the clerk. He has often done a deal of organising work, and the show cannot be run without him—but it appears a fact that the man who has to wear a collar is left out in the cold on pre-war wages, never high. It must be because he cannot, or does not, effectively combine.

Below Proof.

The village of Roberttown, near Liversedge, in Yorkshire, seems favoured with a particularly dangerous and unscrupulous type of temperance fanatic. A voting-card has been issued, asking the question: "Are you in favour of stopping the drink traffic during the war and until the boys come home?"—with the note: "If for any reason you do not wish to give your name, the visitor will certify that this card was collected at your address." This is only another example of the way monster petitions against the "drink traffic" are prepared. And what says Arthur Mee?

P.L.A. Waste.

Having 18 boilers to sell, the Port of London Authority circularised the trade by means of a letter which enclosed five sheets of first-class typed foolscap, together with a most magnificent envelope, bigger than a page of foolscap, for the tender, a single sheet of paper—if any. Goodness knows how many of the parcels were sent out, but, as the postage of one little lot came to 2½d., the waste was scandalous.

Halt!

"What," asks a lady who wishes to join her daughter and son-in-law—the latter having returned to South Africa on being discharged from the Army owing to wounds—"is there behind the curtain that people of my age are refused Passports to go to those who are dear to them, if they choose to take the risk and pay the passage money?" No doubt the Government will reply that they really can't spare the extra tonnage; but in this and other cases of the kind, that's far too heavy a yarn.

Somewhere in Essex.

The closing down by order of Kynoch's, Somewhere in Essex, already noted by us, is causing deep distress to some thousands of hands, a number of whom have been with the firm up to 20 years. Government having built its own monster mushroom town at Gretna, has no compunction in shutting down a firm that has rendered wonderful service. It does seem hard that some small proportion of the work should not still go to the Essex factory.

Wanted.

"If you can't get what you want," said the old philosopher, "want what you can get." At first sight an advertiser in the *Lancashire Post* doesn't seem to be at all particular. "Matrimony," he proclaims. "Man (exempt) Wants a Wife, Servant or Barmaid; genuine. Address"—The question is, what *does* he want? Let's hope he will get it, anyway.

More Jobbery.

"Can members of Urban District Councils be employed as paid clerks in the Food Offices for their own area?" is the question put by "A Disabled Soldier's Brother," at Newcastle-under-Lyne—the point of the query being that the thing has actually been done at Audley, in the Newcastle district, in a manner so flagrant as to raise a blush on a graven image.

Louth and Law.

The Louth Magistrates and School Attendance Officer love the letter of the law—and "damn the consequences." But for this fact, it hardly seems reasonable to suppose the School Attendance Officer would have dragged into court Mrs. Rawlings, wife of a soldier and the mother of ten children, for keeping from school a daughter to act as little mother while she was ill, or that the Magistrates would have inflicted a fine of five shillings. The Mayor was the chief of the Magistrates, and one Brown the School Attendance Officer. They appear to thirst for glory—and so far as it is in our power to give, they shall have it.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Foreign Secretary.

DEAR MR. BALFOUR,—I have reason to believe that a number of Germhuns are finding their way into this country, and into the ranks of the Merchant Service, with the aid of Neutral passports. In some cases, no doubt, this laxity is due to sheer carelessness on the part of Neutral Consuls, generally Danish or Scandinavian; while in others I am inclined to suspect more sinister motives. In any event, the matter is one for searching inquiry by your Department. I fancy the results will surprise you. JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge Craig, Recorder of Belfast.

DEAR JUDGE,—You should know better. How dare you say that "We know the riff-raff of the town joined the Army at the outbreak of war, not through any desire to serve King and country, but attracted by the large pay"? There were stories, were there, "that many were beaten by their wives into joining the Army"? Aren't you ashamed of yourself to speak thus of the heroes who have for four years faced the fury of the Huns? Get off your judicial perch if you want to talk like a miserable Pacifist. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. de Yong, Ministry of Food, Liverpool.

MY DEAR DE YONG,—Through you, let me make haste to congratulate with both hands the citizens of no mean city. Your salary, as I have the information, is £100 a year; your new appointment that of Medical Observer; your duties "investigating the effects on the public of food rationing." Henceforth the noble Liverpudlian can take his rations all the day and arise in the morning with a light heart, even though there's a war on. He will know you are observing his inwards and outwards all the time and all the way at £2 a week, with a view to report officially in case he doesn't look quite the thing. Carry on, dear doc.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty.

DEAR FIRST LORD,—It will be within your knowledge that the patent for an "unsinkable" ship has been approved by the French Government, and that facilities for the construction of such vessels have been given by the United States. It is said that in the tests recently carried out the only effect of firing four torpedoes at the hull of one of these ships was to destroy the cargo in the area of the explosion. Having regard to the supreme value of such an invention, perhaps you will be good enough to inform me whether a similar patent was turned down by the British Admiralty as long ago as 1915. I have solid reasons for asking. JOHN BULL.

To John Crowe, Esq., Lace Manufacturer, Long Eaton.

DEAR FRIEND,—I gather that you are the leading light of Primitive Methodism—being, indeed, Circuit Steward—of your town; and I note that you declined to support a proposal for increasing the stipends of your two local ministers—both married men with families, and at present passing rich on £135 a year! Yet people do say that the lace trade has done well of late, and that John Crowe has every reason to look upon the war with sentiments of commercial gratitude. But those two poor parsons—what of them? Come, John, dub up a bit to the fund. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Maclay, Shipping Controller.

DEAR SIR JOSEPH,—There have been frequent complaints of the delay in "turning round" vessels engaged in food transport, and, as far as I can see, matters are not improving. Quite recently there was the case of the boat detained 12 days in ballast at Durban, while there was an appalling shortage of meat at home and a perfect glut of carcases on the South African wharves. Never mind whose fault it was; please don't let it occur again. JOHN BULL.

To Thomas Gibson, Boy Scout, Old, near Kettering.

DEAR TOMMY,—Though you live in Old you are naturally only young, but you will some day be old enough, likely, to be a Field Marshal. The way you got those escaped Huns with pa's loaded gun, made 'em "'bout turn!" and "quick march" down the road, landed 'em at the Broughton Police Station, and sat on a stone outside with that gun between your knees until the Police Superintendent arrived, deserves that the Mayor and Corporation and citizens of Kettering should take your measure for a statue. God bless you, boy; you're a man!

JOHN BULL.

To A. J. Lawrie, Esq., London Sessions.

DEAR "DEPUTY,"—I must give you the credit of being acquainted at least as well as myself with the public record of Bertrand Russell, the Germhun peacemonger: yet, in allowing his sentence of six months to be served in the first division, you took occasion to remark that "it would be a great loss to the country if Mr. Russell, a man of great distinction, were confined in such a form that his abilities would not have full scope." You ought to know better than anyone the direction in which he has found scope "for his abilities." Anyhow, it is not your business as a judge to hand out bouquets to treason-mongers. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. T. W. Ellis, Secretary, Scarborough Branch, National Union of Railwaymen.

SIR,—The resolution carried at a recent meeting of your Branch, demanding that the Government "shall forthwith enter into negotiations to stop this dreadful slaughter and bring about a general peace, when all nations shall live together in love and brotherhood," is a disgraceful sample of British Bolshevism, disguised as high Christian sentiment. I am not surprised that patriotic members of your Union are tumbling over each other in their eagerness to disavow such treason. JOHN BULL.

"CHILDREN OF THE MIND."

A POISONOUS SECT AND ITS DOCTRINE OF DESTRUCTION.

BY JOHN FLINT.

MASQUERADING under several names, a most dangerous sect has been for many years now at work in this and other nations. One of its main articles of belief is that disease—or, indeed, any injury to the body—does not exist, and that by boldly affirming and believing so a human being may rid himself of the delusion that he is ill or wounded. Many poor misguided followers of this detestable faith have committed suicide, and many helpless babes have been done to death because the Peculiar People, Christian Scientists, or what not, will not allow doctors to minister to their sick. Now it is bad enough when these folk murder themselves and their families; but when they start propaganda on a large scale it is time to take action.

RIDICULOUS STATEMENTS.

And at least one branch of the sect, calling itself "Unity," has started that. Little booklets are published once a month in Kansas City, and these are finding their way over here in increasing numbers. For a time I thought they could be best combated by means of ridicule—and some of their statements are ridiculous enough; the "testimonials" from persons who have benefited most of all. You must understand that, according to them, all misfortunes, even financial ones, are mere delusions. Then you will see the fun of this: "Louisburg, N.C.—The Divine Power is opening the way for me to pay my debts. A few days ago I had a notice for taxes, and did not have a penny, nor could I see a way to get it. I put all worry out of my mind and prayed, and then went about my work just as if I had paid the money, and in a few days I received a check for a birthday present. I give thanks, for I know it was God who prospered me. I am also cured of constipation." This, also, is amusing: "Cordova, Ala.—I wrote for prayers for my daughter L., whose mind was bad, and again I wrote last year for help for my daughter M., whose mind was like a horrible dream. They are now well and are teaching music." Or, again: "Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.—My mother . . . is being healed by her own indwelling Lord. There is a wonderful improvement in her and everybody notices it. Her stomach is manifesting strength and is assimilating nourishment." But the latest booklet which has come into my hands is too dangerous for laughter. Its main topic is "Regeneration," and this blissful state is to be attained by husbands and wives living together as brother and sister and refusing to bring any more children into the world. They are to have "children of the mind," but not children of the body, and all the physical side of love is once and for all to be absolutely suppressed—in which case they will live for ever. You would imagine that this quite idiotic doctrine could obtain no hold on normal, decent men and women; because they aren't built that way.

A DANGEROUS FOLLY.

But there are a large number of women, married and single, and otherwise estimable members of society, who have been infected with the folly. You can imagine the fate of the poor husband in such a case! "Unity" graphically tells of one such tragedy without seeing the force of it. A husband violently disagreed with the doctrine, and left home in consequence. He returned after some time, in a very bad state of health, but quite converted. Henceforth they devoted themselves to the production of "children of the mind"! Nor is this the worst of it. Some, if not a majority, of the disciples have accepted the doctrine so far as having no children is concerned, but in the other particular have found human nature too strong for them. What are likely to be the consequences if these detestable doctrines spread? And, make no mistake about it, there was never a moment when they were more likely to catch on. More girls than ever are earning their own livelihood and may not relish giving up their "independence" to become mothers of families. Here are fanatics ready to give a colour of religion to their selfishness. Can it be doubted that in many cases the poison will work? In fact, it is working. Moreover, we have fanatics of another and baser sort.

PERNICIOUS AND DECADENT.

Certain extreme feminists are now preaching that a woman loses her brain-power by becoming a mother; and so they "advise" intellectual women to leave breeding to the stupid and the cow-like." What a fine prospect for the coming generation—if it comes at all! And, meanwhile, we are losing so many of our best men on the fields of France and Flanders! Therefore it is that I call upon the authorities to suppress the poisonous literature of "Unity" and all such organisations, and upon all decent-minded men and women to seize any of it they can lay their hands on and pop it in the fire. These destestable doctrines, which may appeal to the weak-minded and the unthinking, must not be allowed to go unchecked. Otherwise they will sap the very foundations of society and weaken the fibre of our nationhood. My appeal is to a sane and healthy public opinion against all that is pernicious and decadent, knowing the cleansing power of the strong light of publicity.

THE LAST SALUTE.

PITIFUL INCIDENTS AT SOLDIER'S PAUPER FUNERAL.

Read this: On May 2nd, the last "honours" were paid in Gloucester Cemetery to a discharged soldier, named George Holdridge, "aged 30." He died in the local asylum as a result of shell-shock. He had a pauper's plain wooden coffin, covered with a faded Union Jack, was brought to the cemetery church in a pauper's conveyance, and when the service was ended the coffin was lowered into a pauper's grave in the paupers' reserve. One touch of sorrow and sympathy—the splendid touch of comradeship in death and life of the British soldier—relieves that shameful episode and lights it up in splendour. In addition to the Vicar and an old lady as mourners, seven wounded soldiers from the Palace Hospital came to pay their last respects to a comrade, and one of them held in his hand a bunch of flowers. Nothing could have been more pathetic than to see those wounded men as they stood at the grave and gave the last salute. They, too, had faced the Red Death and knew its agony and terror; they, too, might be called to face it again and "go West"; and here they stood, with their battle-scars yet unhealed, to give their last salute to a comrade for whom Gloucester had found no more fitting rest and requiem than a pauper burial in a pauper's grave.

What did they think? God knows. But what do you think they thought? What, think you, will the brave Gloucesters at the Front think? Blunder there has been, and something worse than blunder. And this is not the first deplorable incident of the kind that has outraged public feeling. We cannot trust ourselves to say all we feel; we can only hope that somewhere behind and beyond the Veil there is life anew to make glorious such an end.

TIP AND SLIP.

MARK WRIGHT MARKS WRONG.

Mark Wright, tipster, came an awful cropper the other week. Picture a gentleman, one of Mark's "clients," receiving four separate letters by the same morning's post. He opens the first envelope, discovering the following engaging advice:—"Mark Wright's Nap Selection is *Polyscope* for the Two Thousand Guineas. This is regarded as an absolute certainty. Invest your maximum stake fearlessly. After you have drawn your winnings, please send £1 for my next four specials." It looks like the tip direct, and the recipient feels like putting his shirt on Polyscope. He opens the next envelope mechanically, and draws out a slip just like the other, same size, same print, only the name of the horse is different. Mark Wright's Nap Selection for the Two Thousand is now *Scatwell*. Thinking there must be some mistake (and there is!) he tears open the third letter. Again the horse is changed. The Nap now is *Somme Kiss*. Like a man in a dream he ravishes the fourth envelope, only to find that Mark Wright's selection—hey presto!—is *Gainsborough*.

Now, a man who by accident or design sends four separate Nap selections for the same race to the same client gives the game away badly. And Mark did it in quite a number of cases. Either he got very careless over his postal arrangements, or else he wilfully exposed trade secrets. If tipsters tip half the horses in a race, they are bound to fall on a winner by accident. This is how they work the oracle. But they are careful as a rule to send only one horse to one client. It is not often that the tipster exposes his hand by sending samples of all his efforts in a bunch. That was what Mark Wright did. In a bad moment for himself he marked wrong.

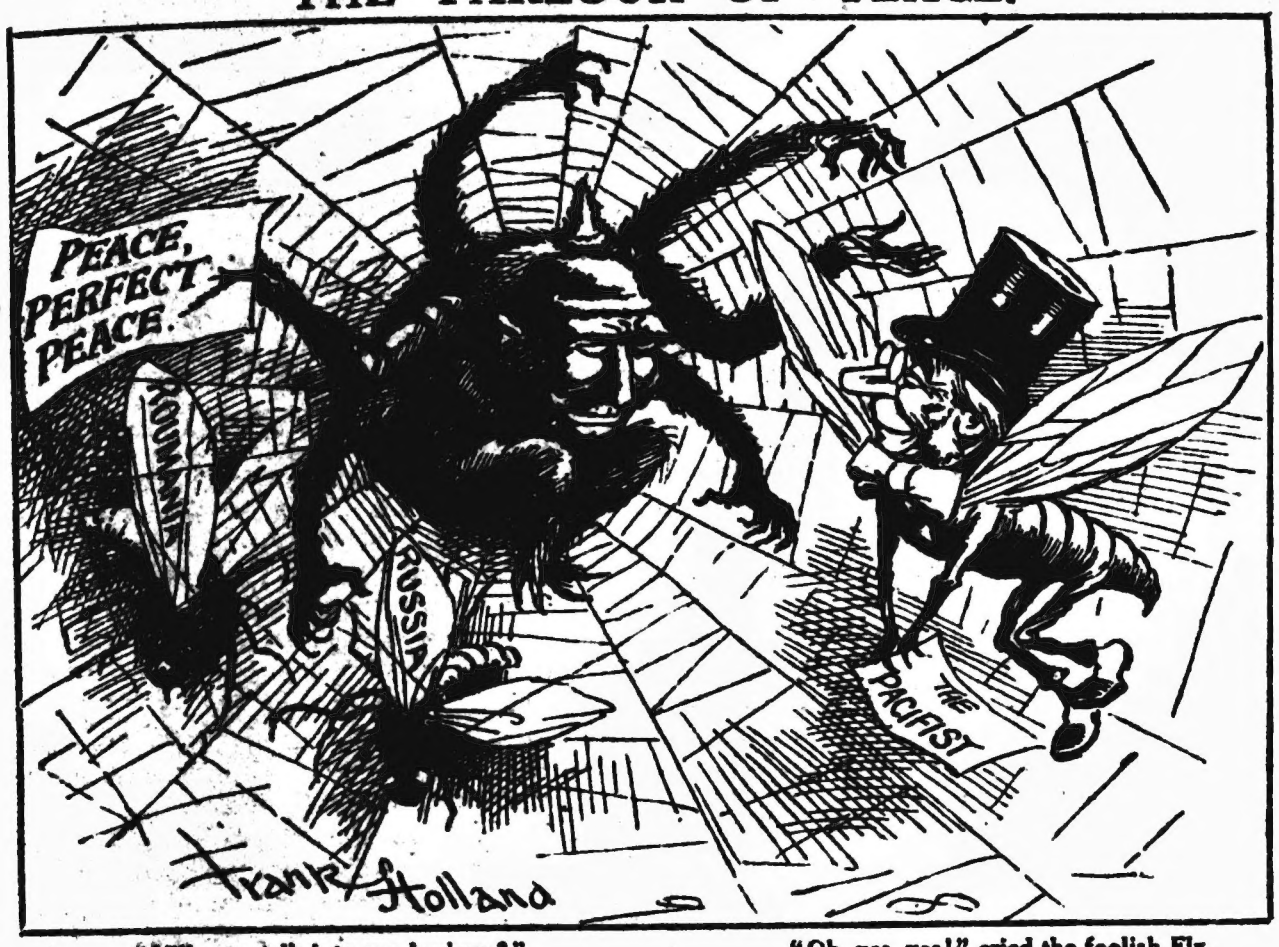
TURNED OUT FOR HUNS.

A GERMHUN JEER FOR WOUNDED TOMMIES.

We have again to call attention to the scandalous affront offered to British wounded soldiers, and therefore to the British nation, by some fool or other, civil or military, who has the direction of Germhun prisoners—this time at Romford Railway Station. Listen to this, under date May 1st: "My chum and I, both being in hospital blue, travelled to Dagenham from Romford on the L.T. & S. Railway by the 5.30 p.m. On the platform were some Germhun prisoners with their guard, also travelling by the same train. We had just made ourselves comfortable in a third-class compartment when we were ordered to get out and make room for the Huns, in spite of there being plenty of other compartments empty. After a little arguing with their guard I gave in and found another seat, much to the prisoners' amusement." We should think it was. Our wounded British soldiers have not fought and suffered in this war to be jeered at in their own country by Germhun prisoners.

Either the man responsible is too ponderous a joker or too thick-headed to understand the insufferable insult he is putting on his wounded comrades, to be a guard of Germhun prisoners. It is not possible to believe that this is part of Lord Newton's new scheme of reprisals for the brutal ill-treatment of British prisoners in Germhuny. We cannot countenance insults to animals; but if there is no room for Germhun prisoners in England in the third-class railway compartments when wounded Tommies have taken their seats, we can see no objection whatever to the guard finding accommodation for his charges in a cattle truck. German officers are now to "rough" it in second or third class. Why should the men not cease to be coddled?

THE PARLOUR OF PEACE.



"Vill you valk into my barlour?"
Said the Spider to the Fly,
"'Tis der prettiest leedle barlour
Dot effer you did shpy!"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried the foolish Fly,
"You shan't ask *me* in vain.
I only wish that other flies
Would follow in my train!"

A DEFAULTING COLLECTOR.

OFFICIAL BORN LUCKY IF NOT RICH.

Mr. John Jacob, formerly Collector of Rates and Taxes at Shepherdswell, near Dover, is in serious trouble. But apparently he is not without friends among the local big-wigs, and we understand that a subscription is being raised on his behalf. A striking incident in Mr. Jacob's affairs was the selling up a week or two ago of his household furniture, the sale catalogue being headed with the sinister announcement that the auction was undertaken "by order of Superintendent Stone of the Kent County Constabulary." The police do not, as a rule, intervene in this pointed manner without serious justification, and there is no doubt that Mr. Jacob has been asking for grief and woe. As we find upon inquiry, there have been serious discrepancies in his accounts, involving the curious disappearance of £580 of public money, and the subscription now on foot is an effort to put him right with the authorities, and to avert the consequences which, in such a case, he has good reason to fear from the Guarantee Society.

How Mr. Jacob came to get himself into such a mess is more than we can say. It may be that at the little Bethel, of which we understand he was a distinguished ornament, the Eighth Commandment was insufficiently expounded, or he may merely be suffering the joint penalty of slipshod accountancy and living beyond his means. We hold no brief in the case, either for the prosecution or the defence; although we are bound to express some surprise, not merely at the effort to enlist public sympathy on Mr. Jacob's behalf, but at the manner in which the case has been handled by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. It is not, we believe, the common practice of this authority to overlook the mistakes of collectors, or to allow the defaulter to reimburse the Exchequer at his convenience—with such timely aid as he can muster—and, looking at the matter from the public standpoint, we are at a loss to understand the special favour shown to Mr. John Jacob. Can anyone explain?

WHO WAS THE WOMAN?

SHOCKING NEGLECT AND OFFICIAL INDIFFERENCE.

If it had been an unmarried mother who had boarded out the child, the mother would have been pilloried and the "baby-farmer" put in the dock. But the child was an orphan girl, seven years of age, and she was boarded out by a Parish Council. And so the name of the culprit has been suppressed, and the authorities have decided not to prosecute. The little girl—Marjorie M'Kenna—was chargeable to the Parish Council of Old Kilpatrick, Dumbartonshire, and was boarded out by them at Dalbeattie, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, with a woman who had charge of four other children. Dr. Hunter, Medical Officer to Dumfries Parish Council, reports that he found Marjorie lying in bed, with bandages on her head, chest, legs and feet. She had a drawn and anxious expression. The face was thin and pinched. The eyes were heavy with pain and fatigue. The body was extremely emaciated, and was covered with sores, and there was gangrene in the feet. The child must have suffered "daily agony." Her general condition, said the doctor, was such as he had never before witnessed in his professional treatment of the varied diseases of childhood.

Well, as the poor thing was too ill to stand the journey to Old Kilpatrick, she was taken in a motor to the Dumfries Poor House. There other details of her condition—too horrible to relate—were discovered, and the police were informed. That was on February 25th. By April 18th she had become perfectly healthy—a happy, bonny child. She was not delicate; she was suffering from no disease. She had simply been shockingly neglected. Nevertheless, an inquiry by the Dumfries Parish Council of the Procurator Fiscal for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright revealed the fact that *Crown Counsel had directed that no proceedings should be taken.* Why? In the name of common humanity, why? We are glad to say that the Dumfries Parish Council is not allowing the matter to rest, and is demanding an inquiry. The Local Government Board must act at once.

SWEET GIRL GRADUATES.

LADY CLERKS NOT WANTED FOR CLERICAL WORK.

A few weeks ago there was published an appeal to patriotic ladies to help with clerical work at the Ministry of Pensions. At the office there attended one day for interview some 90 women, most of whom waited a long time. On the appearance of the Lady Superintendent, she said she would see each applicant individually as they passed in front of her, a form being supplied to be filled up by those successful in satisfying her awful scrutiny. Very few did, probably less than half-a-dozen. The rest, whose time and fares were simply wasted, were turned away as being "too short" or "not strong enough" for clerical work. As strong and healthy girls, trained ex-Government-clerks, were among those thrust aside, we turn to the form for enlightenment.

It seems as though the vacancies were reserved for hoity-toity ladies only. Among the information wanted were questions like these:—"Father's profession? Have you matriculated, or resided at any University? State College. Also your degree." These and similar questions appear to indicate that the clerical work at 30s. weekly was reserved for daughters of professional men, themselves being sweet girl graduates, with degrees. Then why on earth drag over to Chelsea hundreds of young women who happen to be just experienced lady clerks?

THE HIGHER IT GOES, THE FEWER.

THE GREAT GAS AND ELECTRICITY HOAX.

Though practically no new meters and cookers are being put in, the rent of *all* gas meters and cookers, whether put in last year or last century, is to be increased from 1s. to 1s. 6d., and from 1s. 6d. to 2s., respectively, per quarter. As for the price of the gas itself, it has increased in some cases 10d., in other cases 1s. 3d., per 1,000 cubic feet. And so, whatever happens to the public, the shareholders remain secure. But Gas Companies are not the only offenders. A more impudent imposition has to do with electric light.

The Bournemouth and Poole Company, for instance, are now charging a certain minimum of units. If you burn less, that's your look out. You *pay* for the minimum. This is how a patriotic company, frightened by the increase in hours of working daylight, tries to recoup itself at the public's expense. This is how it puts to naught all schemes for economy. And the public allows them to do it! Jiminie! What a wonderful nation we are!

CODDLING THE CONCHIES.

TRADES COUNCIL'S UNPATRIOTIC APPEAL.

Among the few trade union organisations which have allowed themselves to become the tools of the Pacifists is the Pontardulais Trades and Labour Council, which has passed a motion of sympathy with a notorious C.O., now undergoing his fourth term of imprisonment—two years—in Cardiff gaol, and invites affiliated bodies to emulate its sinister example.

Unless we are mistaken, very few honest trade unionists will permit themselves to be cajoled or browbeaten into such a manifestation of disloyalty; indeed, perhaps the best comment we can make on the matter is contained in the reply of a group of discharged soldiers, who, in their trade union capacity, were made the recipients of a proposal of this kind from the Hackney Trades Council. "Two years' imprisonment, indeed; if we had our way, there would be a blank wall, a firing squad, and a waste of good bullets." To this blunt statement, which accurately reflects the sentiments of soldiers in general, we need only add that those men who have failed to satisfy a Tribunal of the honesty of their scruples—otherwise they would not be in the Army at all—have not even the legal status of "conscientious objectors." They are merely skulkers in khaki.

——AND NOW FOR VICTO

"L'Affaire" Maurice—"Get On Wit

By TH

WELL, we have had another "crisis"—and it has once more turned out to be a Parliamentary storm in a teacup. The Little Man from Wales has routed his detractors; he has rallied to him a good deal of opinion which a few days ago was wavering, and he has made an appeal to the nation to support him in getting on with the war. To that appeal I can assure him there will be a wildly unanimous response. Whenever the Prime Minister is in doubt of the public mind the doubt is of his own creating. He, or any other man who is heart and soul for victory, need fear nothing—least of all the "slops" of the Cocoa Press. There can be no greater compliment to any public man than to be attacked by the newspaper which, on the eve of war, besought the country to stand aside from the fight for Justice and Freedom, and held out the bait of filthy lucre. Yes, "Slops" is the right word. There is no present alternative to the Lloyd George Government, and that is why the country will support the Little Man from Wales through thick and thin, provided he plays the game and does not allow either himself or any of his colleagues to interfere with the fighting men. There is, however, one way in which the present Administration could be immensely strengthened and its uninterrupted existence for the duration of the war secured. The Cabinet system of to-day is all wrong. It is in no real sense a "War" Cabinet, and it has no direct control over the various public departments. The result is confusion, chaos, and overlapping everywhere. Let there be a Cabinet of a dozen, comprising the Heads of all the principal Ministries—with an inner War Council, consisting of the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretary for War, the Air Minister, and two experts like Jellicoe and Robertson—with the Prime Minister as *ex-officio* President; and then not only should we get on with the war, but the whole business of the nation would be under proper control—each branch of the public service working in harmony and co-operation with the others. That is the way, and the only way, to stop Parliamentary "sniping," and to avoid a repetition of the nauseating nonsense of last week.

"L'Affaire" Maurice.

Frankly, this Maurice business has left a nasty taste in the mouth, and for my own part it is still "wropped in mystery." And while we may talk about the Parliamentary victory of the Premier, it is idle to pretend that the action of the Cabinet was all that could be desired. Until there is evidence to the contrary, it must be assumed that General Maurice, for some unexplained reason, was bent upon striking what he realised would be a fatal blow at the Lloyd George Cabinet. Put bluntly, he accused the Prime Minister and the Leader of the House of Commons of lying—of seeking to save faces at the expense of the soldier. And what is Mr. Lloyd George's answer? "If I stated the thing that was not, I did it at the instigation of General Maurice's department. He never warned me that I had mis-stated the facts in regard to the military position and disposition of the forces, and it was not until some weeks afterwards that he tried to stab me in the back by thrusting all discipline aside and making grave accusations against my honour." Now that is a very serious indictment of the conduct—I say nothing of the motives—of a distinguished officer with a fine record, and some answer must be made to it. Already the ex-Director-General of Military Operations has been retired from the Army—a grievous penalty for a soldier. But I take it he will exercise the right, which no honourable man would care to forego, of clearing his character. In the meantime it is not for me to prejudge the facts. So far we have had none but *ex-parte* statements, regardless of all rules of evidence, submitted to no tests; and while I should be the last man to impugn the good faith of the Prime Minister, I am not going to pass sentence on General Maurice. I have unbounded belief in the word and honour of a British officer. General Maurice's action was daring, was provocative. He knew he was putting "*Finis*" to his profession as a soldier—and that, too, at the early age of 47. What does it all mean? One thing, however, is abundantly clear. The ordinary plain man—the man in the street—has been once more perplexed by Party tactics. Mr. Bonar Law—the most ingenuous and inept politician who ever led the House of Commons—told us that General Maurice's charges were so serious that to examine into them would involve the consideration of documents and particulars so secret that the only practicable course was to appoint a Court of Honour of two Judges. Then, because Mr. Asquith proposed as an alternative a Select Committee of the House, the Government withdrew the one, rejected the other, and then, after all, left the House to decide. Really, Mr. Bonar Law is becoming the funny man of Westminster. His estimate of the mentality and impartiality of his fellow Members is to deny that five of them could be found to give an honest verdict free from Party bias. Yet the Government ask the verdict not of five, but of the whole lot of them. In other words, you cannot trust any five Members of Parliament to give a judicial decision, owing to the Party virus in their blood—but, all the same, we will appeal to a jury packed upon strict Party lines! A Select Committee was good enough when the commercial integrity of the present Prime Minister and some of his colleagues was involved over the Marconi affair; it is utterly unsuitable and untrustworthy, we are told, when the official truthfulness of Ministers is the question at issue! And here let us leave the unsavoury business, with the simple observation that it affords yet one further illustration of the absolute rottenness and dishonesty of our present Parliamentary system of government.

Ireland—The Only Way.

And now let us have a general look round. What of Ireland, that well-picked bone of contention which, if I had my way, should be relegated to the dust-heap of history? I am tired of "Ireland" and of the "Irish Question." I think the British people are fed-up with a country on the shores of which an emissary of the enemy can even in these days land from a German submarine—a country which is once more seething with revolution—and I am sure the Cabinet would be well advised in their own interests to meet the present situation with honest courage. The Nationalists won't have Conscription and the Unionists won't have Home Rule, and undoubtedly the two things will stand or fall together. The Prime Minister told us there was to be no bargain—that Conscription and Home Rule were two entirely different and independent proposals—but that was Parliamentary piffle and balderdash, designed to *camouflage* the dilemma of the Government. Now Mr. Bonar Law calmly assures the House that the Order in Council applying Conscription to Ireland will not be promulgated until the new Home Rule Bill "has been introduced." And then both measures will be thrown to the winds. And the Government know it. Why not be honest? There is no Register in Ireland—the people, the Nationalists, and Sinn Feiners, backed by the Roman Catholic priests, will refuse to make one; the police will refuse to collect the forms; and without a Register there can be no call-up of the men. Then why not own up? Why ask Mr. Walter Long to shoulder the impossible burden of engineering the thing through? Thank goodness, however, he is one of the few honest men in public life; and I look with confidence to him not to throw dust in our eyes when he has satisfied himself, as he soon must do, that the case of Ireland is hopeless, and that the only thing left is to let her run her own mad course—carrying forward to her debit until the Great Audit takes place the item that in the hour of sorest trial of the Empire upon which she leans and depends for her very existence, she stood aloof whilst others fought and bled. And on that day she will find that she has lost many a friend who would otherwise have stood by her to the end.

"Get on with the War."

This is a trite phrase, I know—and it was never more apposite than when it was ejaculated by a Member the other night in answer to Mr. Asquith's question—"What is the alternative?" Let us have a reconstituted Cabinet on the lines I have suggested, and then

Y !—THE GRAND CLIMAX.

he War"—Another Week Will Decide.

EDITOR.

think and talk of nothing but finishing the job. No greater catastrophe could happen at this juncture than anything in the nature of friction between the Politician and the Soldier—or, for that matter, the Sailor either. There has of late been a great deal too much evidence that fighting men have been sacrificed to the needs of the political conditions of the moment. And I beg the Prime Minister to see to it that we have no more of that sort of thing. If the Government make idols of sailors and soldiers one day and push them off their pedestals the next, the public become bewildered and rattled—and that is the beginning of trouble at the heart. Now the heart of the nation is sound, and it is the business of every man who has influence in Press or in Parliament to keep it sound and healthy. There is plenty of confidence—heaps of it—in this country. We may not get the exact kind of food we like, and we certainly do not get as much of it as we like. But there is no cause of complaint—there are no empty stomachs. We have had our moments of shortage—we know the shipping has been muddled and that the sin of avarice has been charged to the shipowner when the crime of confused counsels in Whitehall has been the prime agent. But to-day the position at home is an immensely improved one, while there is abundant evidence to prove that in the land of the Hun matters have reached a critical stage. There is hunger abroad; and while the Great Reaper is mowing down the enemy in thousands on the Western Front, he is stalking the streets of Germany and making his sheaves of the infant and the aged. We may grumble at short commons and small inconveniences. The Hun is crying for bread; there is complaining in the streets and the voice of mourning is heard everywhere.

Those Peace Offers.

And this explains all the talk of peace. Why are we constantly hearing of emissaries, first to this country and then to America, then to France and once more to Italy, who purport to bear the olive branch from one or other of the Central Powers? Austria is starving—there is real danger of anarchy, and she is anxious to put an end to the war. Germany—the German people—want peace. They know that their youth and manhood are being sacrificed like sheep on the altar of Militarism. They are sick at heart. Not once, not twice, but a hundred times they have been promised victory. And every time it is denied there is increasing despondency. The Kaiser and his war lords are desperate. Unless they can secure a decision within the next few weeks they will be forced to make confession of failure to a dangerous and deluded people. They pretend to make peace overtures only to deceive the German nation into a belief that the Allies are adamantine fiends, prosecuting a ruthless and a wicked war. They are drawing frightful pictures of our demands, pretending that if Germany loses we shall grind down her face before the world. If I know anything of the politician and the diplomatist, unless we keep a watchful eye on events the Hun when the time comes will be let down too lightly, instead of being made to pay in full and with interest for all the blood and ruin he has brought upon Europe. Whether we have just been in jeopardy of another peace offensive, according to the rather plaintive howl of Lord Robert Cecil, or whether—as his chief, Mr. Balfour, says—the whole thing is a "mare's nest," I know not and care not. Peace will come only when the Hun is wrecked in the West. And, despite all the uncertainty of war, I see every evidence that that process has now set in. The enemy has suffered colossal losses, and he has failed so far of his objectives. I know he has advanced and we have retired; but it is no mere *camouflage*—no attempt to paint a rosy picture—when I say that while we have had some grey, yes, and some black days of late, the position is now stronger and better. There may still be moments of doubt and difficulty, but I verily believe the worst is over. Let us trust the soldier—that is my insistent text. Foch has so far done nothing to shake even for an instant our confidence in him. I like the man—I like his quiet strength and his silent confidence. He has Haig and Pétain working with him, as I believe, in perfect loyalty and harmony. France has fought magnificently; she has done gloriously. We are her rivals only in the will to win and the power to endure. If there was a moment when the Higher Command, considering the resources available, was doubful of lengthening the khaki lines, well, those doubts have passed, and we have shown in many a bloody tussle with the foe that the Men of Mons and the Marne are to-day unbroken and unbeaten. It is because I know how splendid they are, and because I am so sure that their heroism will be crowned with the laurels of Victory, that I hate to see things happening at home which bring the curl of contempt and disgust to the lips of the fighting man.

Another Week Will Decide.

I have said I believe the worst is over. I base that belief upon the letters and other messages which reach me daily from the Front. Every letter I have read tells the same story. Withdrawals of our line, and even the surrendering of some of the positions recently captured by the enemy, have been part of Foch's plan to weaken the German armies and extend their lines of communication to such a degree that they will be incapable of resisting the Allied forces when, at the critical moment, our great Reserve Army—which I am told is to-day intact—is thrown into the fray. At the same time many American battalions will be there to support us—full of vim and fight and enthusiasm—whilst over and above all will be the menace to the enemy of those wonderful airmen whose prowess and skill have already filled the hearts of the German pilots with terror. Then, too, there is every indication that our Navy is on the move. Believe me, we are not stopping up the entrances and exits of Zeebrugge and Ostend for nothing—and perhaps before long you will hear that the rats of Kiel are being similarly trapped. Remember that the coming big battle must of necessity be waged, as distance counts in these days, in close proximity to the French and Belgian coasts; and if it is possible for German guns to bombard Paris at a distance of 75 miles and to reduce Amiens to ruins at a distance of fifteen or twenty, who shall say what may be accomplished by some of those sea leviathans which I was privileged to inspect in Northern waters a few months ago? Yes, we are undoubtedly on the eve of the great decisive battle of the war, but I am given to understand that we are ready. Our strength is concentrated for the great effort, and the Germans, foiled in their wild attempt to break through, will shortly be confronted with the almost equal impossibility of getting back. Therefore I say, close up the ranks here—make them as solid as they are strong and unshakable at the Front. Trust the soldier, give him all he needs, fulfil all his requirements, stop petty squabbling and then make straight for Victory. Need I say how instinctively I welcome such a message? But, alas! there have been so many disappointments and surprises in this war that I am learning to be cautious. And I am bound so pay some regard to the warning of Lord Curzon—evidently speaking in the light of information just obtained by the Government from the Front—that we may not yet have seen the darkest hour which is to precede the dawn. We are told that, to the knowledge of the High Command, the Germans are amassing enormous forces for this last onslaught, and that "it is quite possible that our brave boys may be compelled to yield further ground." These are ominous words—but they do not alarm me. Reduced to their inner meaning, they come to this: That the next few days or the next week will decide. If the enemy breaks through, although we shall still be unbeaten so long as the British Navy proudly rules the seas, it would be idle to pretend that Germany would not be in the more advantageous position for discussing terms of peace. On the other hand, if—as I am sure will be the case—her effort fails, then the Allies will undoubtedly be masters of the situation, and will then be in a position to drive their advantage right home. Therefore, instead of making myself responsible for the view of the Man-at-the-Front—that "the worst is over"—I prefer to say that another week will decide Germany's fate in the West, and to await with confidence what is in the lap of the gods.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE TOOTHLESS COMB.

MAN OF FORTY-FIVE (*looking fixedly at a youthful civilian seated opposite*): Excuse me. Done your bit, I suppose. Lucky to get out of it looking so fit. What was it—wounds, or——?

YOUTHFUL "INDISPENSABLE" (*flushing faintly*): I—er—you've made a mistake. I have not served—yet.

M. OF F.-F.: *What?* You've not served yet? What might be your age, young man?

Y. "I.": Twenty-four. But you needn't think I'm a slacker, because I'm not.

M. OF F.-F.: Sorry. Been rejected, I suppose. What is it—heart? Lungs?—

Y. "I.": No, I've not been rejected. I'm in a Government office, and my Chief can't spare me.

M. OF F.-F.: H'm. Married?

Y. "I.": No.

M. OF F.-F.: So you're one of the "indispensables" I've heard so much about. I've always understood that no one is indispensable, so I'm naturally interested to meet a youngster of twenty-four who is. Unfortunately, I'm not. I'm only a business man of forty-five with a wife and heavy domestic responsibilities. *I'm* not indispensable. I've only got a business that it has taken me twenty years to build up, and that'll go to pieces when I leave it. You see, my two sons, who might carry it on in my absence, are both serving. Going up to your office now, I suppose?

Y. "I." (*plainly uncomfortable*): Yes.

M. OF F.-F.: Well, where do you think *I'm* going? I've got my papers to report for medical examination, and I'm now going to be "vetted" to see whether I'm fit enough to put on khaki so as to help to keep England safe for young chaps safely sheltered in Government offices. Nice arrangement, isn't it?

2ND MIDDLE-AGED MAN: More fool you. You should do as I'm doing. I'm expecting my papers daily, but they'll have to be smart to find *me*. I've realised my bit of property, and I'm *off!*

M. OF F.-F.: Off? You can't get out of the country without a passport, and ——

2ND M.-A. M.: I'm off to Ireland, my friend. They can't touch me there. I'm going to a land flowing with milk and honey and plastered with farmhouse butter and unrationed bacon. I'm going to the land of plenty and no food tickets.

Y. "I.": Thought there were restrictions on crossing to Ireland?

2ND M.-A. M.: My dear young Indispensable, although you are so valuable a Government servant you are a little out in your supposition. There are to be restrictions—on THE 21ST! To-day is the 15th. I've taken time by the forelock. And the British Army won't see me till Ireland is conscripted and every single young man of military fitness in the United Kingdom is called to the Colours. It's a long way to Tipperary, but I'm taking the quickest route.

M. OF F.-F.: I don't know that I would go so far as to run away—I've got two boys serving, and it would seem like desertion if their dad shirked the call. But I tell you this, that I should go with a much better heart if all the youngsters like our young friend here had been combed in.

Y. "I.": *I* can't help being indispensable!

2ND M.-A. M.: Ha, ha! I suppose not. Some are born indispensable, some achieve indispensability, and some have indispensability thrust upon them. Why, here's Victoria! Well, good day. Here's one for Euston and the Irish Mail!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"BULAWAYO CHRONICLE":—
"On the estate of ——, a man 70 YEARS OF AGE is assisting in felling aspen trees . . . which he helped to plant 80 YEARS AGO."

"NORTHERN SCOT AND MORAY AND NAIRN EXPRESS" (advertisement):—
"PIGS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED every Friday. Maximum Prices guaranteed."

"EAST KENT TIMES" (advertisement):—
"Housekeeper to Working Man; low wage. IF COULD HAVE TWO CHILDREN."

"CHUMS":—
"He could see every feature . . . the deep-set eyes, strangely NEAR APART."

"WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR" (advertisement):—
"EGGS.—White Leghorns, 7s. 6d. dozen, ALL TWO YEARS OLD."

"EVENING TIMES" (Glasgow):—
"By command of the King, the Earl of Eglinton . . . presented a number of MEALS of the Order of the British Empire to workmen at Glengarnock."

PAVILION DE LUXE, SHIPLEY (poster):—
"AWFUL Picture Programme and Topical News."

"LIVERPOOL DAILY POST AND MERCURY":—
"It is upsetting somewhat the plans of the high German officers who are arranging things from afar through TELESCOPES DOWN WHICH THEY SHOUT THEIR ORDERS."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—
"All Austro-Hungarian girls of 14 AND UNDER in the United States have been proclaimed enemy aliens under the spy laws."

THE CHANCELLOR FORGETS.

"PELMANISED" BRAINS.

Mr. Bonar Law is usually credited with an excellent memory. In his Budget Speech, however, he made a curious slip. He was drawing up a list of the nation's assets. "They are divided," said he, "into three categories."

1st, Balances and Commodities.
2nd, Land securities, buildings, and ships.
3rd, Stores of all kinds.

The Chancellor omitted the greatest asset of all—the Nation's **trained and Pelmanised Brain-Power**, without which all the others would have been of little account.

The nation is bearing an enormous burden. The strain is terrific. Only the Brain-Power of the people enables the country to support it. Fortunately that Brain-Power is increasing. It is being Pelmanised and thus doubled and trebled.

A man with slack and undeveloped muscles cannot lift heavy weights. He trains and develops his muscles and then can lift such weights with ease. It is the same with the brain.

Four years ago too many people were only semi-efficient because their brains were untrained and un-Pelmanised. Since then there has been an immense increase in the national efficiency. Why is this? Because a vast army of men and women have now trained and Pelmanised their brains, and thus doubled and trebled their personal efficiency.

25,000 SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Think of these facts:

83 Admirals and Generals, and over 25,000 other officers and men are now Pelmanists.

Leading business firms are enrolling their staffs in a body, because "Pelmanism" doubles their capacity, and makes them far finer workers, and over 633 managers are now practising the system.

Tens of thousands of men and women of every possible Business, Trade and Profession are finding in Pelmanism a certain road to better positions, larger incomes, and wider prospects, and every day their number increases.

You should see the letters they write and particulars of the progress they record.

Here are a few such items:—

I have got a step in rank.
I have been given a staff appointment.
I have been promoted by selection to the command of a fine cruiser.
I have secured a greater grip on business matters.
I have doubled my business.
I have doubled my salary.
I have become the right-hand man of my firm.
I have got a rise of £145 per annum.
I have enlarged my income 300 per cent.
I can do more and better work in less time and with less fatigue.
It enables one "to live at one's best."
It gives "a keener zest for life."
I would not take £1,000 to be without my Pelman books.

IN A FEW WEEKS' TIME.

Pelmanism achieves these results in a few weeks. It is simple to follow. It takes up little time. It involes no hard study—no brain-racking exertion. You can practise it anywhere, in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare moments during the day, and by so doing you banish from your mind all such defects as Forgetfulness, Mind Wandering, Hesitation, Indefiniteness, Lack of Energy, and Brain Fag, and you develop such invaluable qualities as:—

Concentration.
Initiative.
Organising Power.
Judgment.
Self-Confidence.
Mental Alertness.

and a first-class, never-failing memory. All this you find in the 12 "little grey books" which contain the Pelman Course.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a reprint of *Truth's* famous report on the System and a form entitling readers of JOHN BULL to the complete Pelman Course at one-third less than the usual fees on application to-day (a post-card will do) to the Pelman Institute, 95, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. [Advt.

re "TOMMY AND JACK."

(Dealing also with the discharged sailor and soldier and their dependents, in co-operation with the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers.)

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Tommy's Fags:—Our sailors and some of our Colonials get their tobacco and cigarettes duty free. Why make ill-paid soldiers pay the extra price for their smokes? A fag is a big solace to the Tommy, who sometimes forgets his many troubles when looking through the smoke

Disease Germs:—We hear from Sherlock Street Auxiliary Hospital, Anfield, Liverpool, that the patients have only one clean towel each in three weeks. If the bacteriologist in the hospital looks into the matter, he may find some most interesting germs for his bottles and jars.

Another Example:—The Royal Air Force received as a recruit a joiner and builder. He was ordered to do rigger's work, but as he knew that the lives of the pilot and observer depended upon his knowledge he made a protest, as he knew nothing whatever about rigging. Because the man was anxious to save the lives of Britons he was ordered a Court-Martial, and was punished for disobeying an order! Who could wonder if disaster befell some fine pilot or observer?

"Mistes" and Measles:—The No. I. Cavalry Cadet School at Netheravon has been placed out of bounds owing to an outbreak of measles which started in the quarters of the W.A.A.C.s. The men would not kick against their isolation if they were not aware that the officers of the W.A.A.C.s are given free leave to wander where they wish. The men of the permanent staff, chiefly married and with families, are the sufferers.

Lord Help Us!:—The other day the Officer Commanding one of the Labour Centres visited the camp. He asked if there were any complaints, and one man, availing himself of the right conferred upon him by King's Regulations, said "Yes"; but there were others in the crowd who said "No." The man who made the complaint stated that the Command was half-starved, and had to spend their money on food outside. For saying so he was given seven days' c.b. This is how the Army is made happy and contented!

A Damnable Order:—Earl Manners has an estate in Sherwood Forest, wherein some of our men are quartered under canvas. The order has gone forth that they must not dig a two-inch trench around their tents to carry off the storm waters, permitting themselves rather to be swamped out. Does Earl Manners wish to be saved from the Huns; and does he think that the health of our men is of less importance than the cutting up of a bit of his miserable turf?

Increasing Their Tortures:—We hear from some patients at Alma Park Hospital, Manchester, that they turned out of bed a few minutes late the other morning, and were told that as a punishment they would have to do without their breakfast. An hour afterwards, however, they received it, stone cold. The poor devils who suffered are heart patients. Surely there is some Member of Parliament who will raise such questions in the proper quarter?

"JACK."

The Great Game:—The Admiralty seem to have many tons of paper to throw away. The sailor's wife writes about her allowance, and receives a postcard or letter saying that her case is being looked into. She repeats her inquiry a dozen times, and gets the same reply. After a while somebody thinks that it is too bad that so many postcards and so many sheets of paper should be wasted, and she gets her due. Will Sir Eric Geddes look into the matter?

For the Base Officer:—We have a complaint from H.M.S. *Battersea* to the effect that the bread the men receive is mouldy; also that they are not allowed to visit the local food supply depots after 9 p.m., whereas soldiers and civilians may do so. We must probe further into this matter.

Penalising Pity:—We continue to receive letters from men on vessels who have picked up torpedoed crews and provided for the rescued ones out of their own meagre store of clothing. The Admiralty will allow the warm-hearted fellows only half the cost of the things that they, out of their big natures, supply—and yet we are the richest nation upon earth! It is a disgrace to my Lords.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

The Way We Do It:—We are glad to notice that a munitions firm at Whitefriarsgate, Hull, has advertised for discharged soldiers ("loss of leg no obstacle") to take up light work previously done by girl labour, the wages offered being good. Will other firms follow the good example?

A P.O. Complaint:——On the other hand, we have many complaints that H.M. Post Office act unfairly towards men of H.M. Forces who have become Silver Badgers. This is the latest:—A sorting clerk joined the Army, served for eighteen months, and was discharged on account of ill health. When he applied to his Postmaster for his former job, he was turned away with the remark—"We do not require the services of discharged soldiers, but only of boys and girls." Such insults are not likely to foster patriotism.

Driven to Steal:—A few days ago one of the Old Contemptibles had to answer a charge of theft. He had served until March, 1915, when he was discharged with frostbitten feet. Without a pension, he was unable owing to his condition to earn sufficient for his support. He tried to rejoin the Army, but was twice rejected. In binding him over, the Old Street Magistrate said he would like inquiry to be made as to why the poor fellow had no pension. We cordially echo the worthy Cadi's words.

Room for Improvement:—We have not space to enumerate the aerodromes, munition factories, etc., in which Service dodgers have the softest and best-paid jobs, and "Silver Badgers" are given the hardest and worst-paid work. Goodness knows, there are Badgers enough to fill all the gaps.

Turned Down:—Query: "Are you aware that if a discharged soldier purchases a tobacconist business he is turned down by all the wholesale houses for the man who has stayed at home and was on their books in 1916?" asks a correspondent. The year named is apparently the one they take as a basis in rationing all their retail customers; but it is evident that the Tobacco Control should insist on special provision being made for the supply of discharged soldiers.

No Flags at York:—The York Branch of the Federation is registered under the War Charities Act. The other day they desired to have a flag day for the collection of funds, but the Lord Mayor, when approached, refused his sanction. If the object had been to provide top boots and blankets for cannibals, probably he would have acted otherwise.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

This Should Not Be:—After twenty-six years' service in the Navy and Army, a poor old chap finds himself obliged to ask for charity. No pension whatever has been granted, his sole income being the National Insurance benefit. His application to us was due to the need of a little ready cash with which to buy stock for peddling—the precarious livelihood to which so many old Tommies are driven.

A Daily Struggle:—A distressing letter reached us from the mother of three ailing children—one away with consumption, and two at home being nursed and nourished, the expense of which has necessitated keeping the landlord waiting for the rent. Before asking our help, the poor woman had sold nearly half her humble home.

A Predicament:—Discharged from the service, and at present unable to work through severe rheumatism, a poor fellow has five children of school age and a wife in delicate health—her condition being aggravated by the anxiety of not being able to work to add to the husband's meagre pension of 6s. 6d. a week. They told us that they had considered dying, and we did not wonder.

"Things are So Dear!":—As if we did not know! Another soldier's wife complained to us that she could not keep things going without outside help. She has three children under the age of six—they being a bar to her working, as her wages would not cover the cost of getting someone to take care of them.

No Prospect.—A poor fellow, discharged from the service owing to epileptic fits, finds that people will not employ him. Sad to say, he has no pension. His wife is in very delicate health, and their future looks very dark. Such cases appeal to us with irresistible force; we cannot do what we would like for them, but what we *can* do, we do willingly.

A Few More:—

Soldier's son, recovering from operation, another child, an invalid.—great distress.

Discharged Tommy, laid up with trying illness, waiting for panel money. Wife doing her best, but could not make ends meet.

Husband's pension reduced; wife not able to work on account of young children demanding constant care.

Ex-soldier suffering from broken knee, and general ill-health; waiting for entry into hospital—no pension.

A soldier with leave to bury his child, but minus money.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Thankoffering for Devotion of E. G. L.," £1 1s.; A. W. W., 1s.; Mrs. B. T., 1s.; Mrs. A. (Oxford), 2s.; F. V. L. (B.E.F.), 6s. 6d.; Collection, The Down Saw Mills, Bracknell (per T. P.), 11s. 6d.; J. W., 1s.; Mrs. L. O. B. (Redditch), 1s.; P. D. G., 2s.; A. H., 1s.; "Anonymous," 5s. 6d.; A. G. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; F. D. (Torquay), 2s. 6d.; "8 Ealing Reader," 1s.; "Old Man, N.W.," 2s. 6d.; W. H. P., 2s. 3d.; R. H. L., 9d.; Mrs. J. S. P. (Johannesburg), £1 3s. 6d.; R. M. M., 8d.; P. G. N. (Newport), 14s. 6d.; E. M. B. (Canterbury), 10s.; C. S. (Ealing), 10s.; H. M. E. N., 5s.; C. J. (Birmingham), 11d.; F. M. (Upton Park), 1s.; M. L. (Leicester), 4s.; "Scottie," £1; "Constant Reader" (Hounslow), 2s. 6d.; "Lest We Forget," 2s. 6d.; "Osceola's Xmas Dinner," £1; "Postage," 6d.; H. O. (Torquay), 2s.; E. B., 7s. 6d.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; L. S. (Westfield), 2s. 6d.; G. H. (Grantham), 5s.; Manager, The Palace, Sale, 10s.; J. McC., 6d.; D. S. (Putney), 2s. 6d.; "Only a Jew," £1; J. P. M. (Jersey), 5s.; H. D. (Leyton), 1s.; "Inaba Maru," £1; "Amo Equis," £10; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; M. P. (Wallingford), 2s. 6d.; Gaine Dept., V.E.C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), £1; "Friends in Brighton," £1; A. C. (Folkestone), 5s.; "Coalie," 2s.; A. C. G., 2s. 6d.; M. R. (Hull), 2s. 6d; "In Memory of little Muriel's Birthday," 2s 6d.; "Thankoffering," 10s.; E. O. (Greenock), 2s.; "A Reader of the *Romsey Times*," 2s.; "Jack" (Plymouth), 5s.; "The St. Margaret's Hope Crowd," 15s. 6d.; S. A. W., parcel; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d; Pte. T. R., 1s. 6d.; H. S. J. (Liverpool), 4s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5275," 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; A. R. E., 6s.; "In Memory of Ted," 3s. 6d.; A. M., 2s.; R. H. H., £3; M. P. (Sheerness), 1s.; "One who Tried," 5s. 1d.; A. L., 2s.; "Mother of Eight," 1s.; Mrs. P. H., 6d.; A. R., 1s.; T. P. (Glasgow), 6d.; R. T. F., 2s.; H. F., 8s. 6d.; J. C., 2s. 6d.; G. R., 6d.; S. S., 2s. 6d.; C. C., 2s. 6d.; E. F. L., 1s. 6d.; R. D., 2s.; W. H. L., 6d.; "W.," £1; "A Local Reader" (Lowestoft), 1s.; A. D., £2 10s.; A. S., 6s.; "Rejected," 3s. 6d.; "A Faithful Reader," 4s. 6d.; J. P. B. (Birmingham), 1s.; Mrs. A. (Cowes), £10; W. E. T. (Torquay), 1s.; D. P., 1s. 3d.; "Aircraftsman," 6d.; "Arts," 2s.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

A. J. S. (Burgess Hill).—"Why blame the politicians? You and I have added to the bringing about of these terrible times." *We* tried to prevent them. Don't know about *you*.

REV. H. J. S. (Clerical Prov. Union).—Thanks very much for "appreciation," and for your hope that our "optimistic expectation will not be cut off." Nor, let *us* hope, our meat ration.

"QUARTYPE" (Wigan).—"Did you ever know a Welshman who was not a 'puttybottom'?" We have never met one in circumstances to enable us to judge. You excite our curiosity.

"A READER" (London).—The mother of Baron Richthofen, German aristocrat, was English, you say. If so, it accounts for the streak of decency.

"SILVER BADGE" (Enfield).—Glad to hear you were at the Albert Hall. Some meeting, what?

"BRITISH TOMMY" (France).—"I think a lot of you, as others do. You keep them up to pitch at home, and we'll do the rest here." That's a bargain.

"AN OLD CONTEMPTIBLE" (Somewhere in France).—"Please excuse pencil under the circumstances." If you boys wrote with a burnt match, we would do our best to read it. But we like ink from folks at home.

P. P. — "From a school-girl: Your principles resemble Hall Caine's 'Rossi' and we shall have you as P.M. yet." Well, P.M. would be a change from the A.M. hours we are obliged to keep.

J. R. M. (Dumfries).—"Although an admirer, I don't always see eye to eye with you." Can't help it if you are a bit boss-eyed sometimes.

"FED-UP" (Margate).—"It would not surprise me if it leaked out that you are a German yourself." That's the worst ever said about us. But, as you have lost an arm fighting, we bear no malice. Can we help you?

H. H. (Twickenham) complains that vehicle workers are turned down if they apply for extra rations. So are editors.

"NO CURE, NO PAY."—Our readers will regret to hear of the death of the poor girl to whom we referred under this heading. Several of them have sent donations for her benefit; we are certain that in the circumstances they would desire that the amounts should go towards payment of the expenses consequent upon her death.

"KIRKWALLIANS."—To settle your dispute, the colour of the Editor's eyes is the most liquid blue in the world.

"MAC" (Dundee).—"I would like to take a slight shade of odds about your majority in whichever constituency you put up for." So would we, but there won't be any layers.

C. M. B. (W.).—"I was at the Albert Hall and waited outside to see you. Did you see me?" Rather; the whole 10,000 of you!

A. B. P. (Lincoln).—Certainly a wife living with her husband should bear his surname; otherwise we shouldn't know what was what, or who was who.

W. S. (Rochdale).—Evidently the Lancashire War Pensions (Sub Area 21) Committee need a few lessons in civility to discharged soldiers. In your situation, we should have been inclined to salute them thumb to nose.

"ANXIOUS ONE" (Christchurch).—For directions as to joining the W.A.A.C.s apply to nearest Labour Exchange, which should be visible to the naked eye.

W. R. (Catford) takes the view that it is job-seekers in Parliament, and power, pomp and vanity in the Government, which are cursing the country. As of old, desire grows by what it feeds on.

H. E. H. C. (Wimbledon).—If you had read us carefully, you would know that we have continually championed the heroes of the Mercantile Marine.

R. A. (Park Royal).—Not surprised that the canteen at Park Royal started profiteering on existing stock on introduction of Budget. A canteen which philanthropises *would* surprise us.

"SOME OF THE BOYS" (Mesopotamia).—The kind clergyman who sent you mental pabulum in the shape of a book of nursery rhymes probably gauged your intelligence by his own.

"BLUE PENCIL."—Don't see your point.

S. D. (Loch Lomond).—Don't run away with the idea that Scotland is any more sick and disgusted with Irish disloyalty than England is.

A. C. (Old Trafford).—Take no notice of the idle threats of the Royal Card Co., Kew. Have frequently warned our readers against their shady tricks.

"DOMESTIC WORKER" (London).—"Conscription" for women is not yet, but if the war lasts long enough they may have to join the 40th Matersaliers.

G. P. (Ramsgate).—If 10, Downing Street acknowledged your letter three months ago and hasn't answered it, don't despair. The Prime Minister is rather young yet.

"ONE OF YOUR ADMIRERS."—"If I get into any trouble I shall come and worry you." Hard lines on us.

"LINT" (Brighton).—Charged 9d. for 3½d. worth of absorbent lint? That was to prove its quality; it absorbed 5½d., greedily and grossly.

"SOLDIER" (Edinburgh). — This is your telegram to us:—"Thy will be done never mind money war with devils have been trying poison gas." With a lump of ice to our fevered brow, we are trying to guess what it means.

"A WELL-WISHER."—"Praise for Wacca and Wreng, but what about lady stokers and lady fire-raisers at Greenwich Gas Works?" They are hot stuff.

S. M. G. (Wolverhampton).—150 applicants for post of Food Officer for Wolverhampton. Said the Mayor, "I would strike out the whole 150. The name of one man who has served his country would suffice me." We remove our hat to Mr. Mayor.

R. H. H. (Portsmouth).—"Print a separate sheet, in clear, large type, of all public abuses." Not enough paper in the country.

GNR. M.H. (Bordon).—You lost a P.O. in France last October, and have now received it in England, thanks to some Comrade who must have found it. That's the way all good men behave.

A. R. W. (Dundee).—"The manager of the Picture Palace thanked me for smothering a fire on his premises. I found afterwards I had burned a gold band on my uniform; wrote twice asking manager to put in claim for me on his insurance; got no reply." Bit of an ungrateful pig, that.

P. G. (Norfolk Street, W.C.).—Your sage reflections upon Indian Home Rule have been read, marked and learned—and have caused us inward indigestion.

W. H. (Somer's Town).—Your screed to hand about the policemen's trousers—but policemen must have trousers, even in war-time, if the dignity of the Force is to be maintained.

"CRITICUS" (Swansea).—Cannot say where Mr. Nosey Parker Breidenbach got his knowledge of "the night attire of gay women." He is hereby asked.

"MUSICAL" (Hawick).—Afraid cannot help you to collect "old harmonium music." Your neighbours might never forgive us.

T. P. (Glasgow).—The girl who "didn't care how long the war lasted" deserves what she probably hadn't had since she got too big for mother's knee.

"MERELY BRITISH" (Streatham Hill).—Mr. Hermann Darewski is of Russian extraction, so you're barking up the wrong tree.

J. H. T. (Blarney).—"I am one of those who think that had your advice been taken before the war, it would not have happened." It wouldn't.

"POET" (West Norwood).—When we find you trying to rhyme "crush" with "dust," we are not a bit surprised that your so-called "inspired" messages have been treated by sundry editors with scornery.

"AN ANGUISHED ONE."—We are constantly being referred to the Book of Revelation for proof of the devilish character of the Kaiser. But Prince Lichnowski's "Revelation" is even more enlightening.

"INQUIRER" (London).—As we have several times shown, Kibble and Co., music publishers, Berners Street, were very quick in taking money but very slow in giving value. The present people running the concern have taken over the assets without the liabilities!

K. M. B. (Norwich).—Can't quite make out your enclosure. Is it a love-letter or a challenge to a duel?

"SCRATCHY" (Karachi).—When we read that the best beef is sold at 4d. and prime mutton at 5d. per lb. in Karachi market, the prayer "Put us somewhere East of Suez" rose to our lips.

E. W. (Brixton Hill) wants "to bring before the country the noble work of our profiteering and names." Has been already—thousands of times.

"DORA" (Ealing).—"She serves in a shop; he is a customer. Has he a right to speak to her in the street? Anyway, who should speak first?" Best way is for both of them to say "Watcher!" at the same time.

MRS. U. (Tottenham).—"I am a soldier's wife. The Luxury Tax will not affect me." Too true, dear lady, too true.

P. G. (Fermoy).—"As an Englishman, I am a bit of ashamed of my country." Just be ashamed of yourself for that, and we won't worry any.

F. W. S. (Worthing).—If Bolshevik posters are carried round Worthing on carts, the carriers should be in the cart twice over, with somebody's whip applied to their nether ends.

"PORTUGUESE ADMIRER" (Liverpool).—"Why isn't the wife of ex-King Manoel interned? She is a thoroughbred German." No Germans are thoroughbred. All mongrels.

"A TOMMY'S WIFE" (Evershot).—Pleased to hear from you, but what's the meaning of "X.X.X." at the end of your letter? Is it your age, the mark on an old-fashioned beer-barrel, or a message to send to your husband?

"REAPER" (Sydenham).—"I suppose these aliens do not eat, no nor do these dirty naturalised Mynheers." Don't they! From Long Acre we can hear them chewing in Soho restaurants.

R. C. (Congleton).—Competitors are at liberty to send in as many "Bullets" coupons as they like, but it is advisable to sign each one.

G. B. (Peterborough).—In our opinion, 6d. a week is enough pocket-money for a youngster of 14—unless he can get more, when he may be trusted to freeze on to it.

E. J. (Bristol).—"Could you let me know the depot where I can send some funny sayings, and what price do you give for them?" All our funny sayings are manufactured on the premises.

E. P. (Deptford).—Cannot understand your father, aged 76, receiving his "calling up" paper so soon. We thought the Army would not require recruits of that age for another six months at least.

"INSURANCE AGENT" (London) says that most of the Insurance Companies have done nothing whatever for agents in this war. Seems a shame. We suppose the directors' food costs them more.

"BENEFACTOR" (Cardiff) wants us "to help against the drink question." Our remedy is to stop all the pumpuritans talking so much and all the brewers charging so much.

C. T. (W. Kensington).—If the constables laughed when you drew their attention to a case of horse cruelty, you should have taken their numbers and written to their Superintendent. Why didn't you report to the R.S.P.C.A. at once?

MRS. L. T. (Youngstown, Ohio).—"All glory to you and your famous little weekly. We devour it." 'Tis a good digestion which waits on appetite.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Price with 1 coupon **5/3**

You may send coupons to the value of 1/- and P.O. for **4/3** By Post 24 extra

This Pen can safely be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket the nib section is drawn into the ink barrel. An ideal pen for travelling purposes.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Mounted Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Three P.O.'s for 6s. and 6d. stamps, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 2d. stamps for postage. Of course, P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed. Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. [illegible] 1918.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

This coupon will be accepted at [illegible]

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

No. 1.—THE DANGER OF DELAY.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E., General Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

Many of those who contract Venereal Disease "hope that it is nothing" when they first detect the symptoms. They determine to "see if it gets any worse" before they go to the doctor. Nothing is more disastrous than this "wait and see" policy. Those who "wait and see" may well see terrible things. With every hour that goes by the disease, if untreated, gets a firmer grip on the system. Venereal Disease is not like measles or influenza or some epidemics which run their normal course and get well in time. If Syphilis is allowed to "run its course" it may end in General Paralysis of the Brain, in Death, or at the very least in appalling disaster to health. If Gonorrhœa is neglected it may become *permanent*, so that the afflicted person is continuously infective, a misery to self, a danger to others.

GERMS AND THEIR DUG-OUTS.

The sturdy gonococcus, the micro-organism of Gonorrhœa, burrows day by day more deeply into the tissues of the body. Once thoroughly entrenched, these germs may lurk in the system for years. People who think themselves cured find the symptoms come on again without any apparent cause, and during all this time they are a source of great danger to others, because they believe they are non-infective, whereas they are in reality highly infective, and quite unintentionally they pass on the disease—perhaps to wife or husband.

THE DANGER OF INTERRUPTED TREATMENT.

Those who have been wise enough to take immediate medical advice frequently see so rapid a disappearance of their symptoms that they no longer bother to go to their doctor or their clinic. They do not wait to be discharged, they discharge themselves. Sooner or later they pay the penalty of taking the matter in their own hands. Sooner or later the dread symptoms reappear. The patient, therefore, must wait until he gets his discharge from his doctor, but as soon as he does he can feel confident that he is cured.

Free treatments, under conditions of secrecy, are provided by the Government in most centres. All who are infected, *or who have taken a risk of infection*, should immediately go to a doctor or apply at the out-patients department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Further notes will appear shortly in this paper.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write in confidence to the Hon. Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, for free literature or information.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e.*, *we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All [illegible] should be addressed to [illegible], Advertisement Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

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WRITE TO-DAY!

You will be delighted with the amazing values in every page of H. Samuel's big

FREE BOOK of 3,000 BARGAINS

It's crowded with beautiful Jewellery, Watches, Plate, &c., at most Factory Prices that save you pounds.

25/-

Write for your copy NOW!

Enormous variety fine Gems, set in 18-ct. Gold, from 25/-

H. SAMUEL, 180, Market St. Manchester.

FREE MONTH'S TRIAL!

H. SAMUEL, LTD.

WHEN you are tired a cup of VI-COCOA is the ideal pick-me-up. Try a cup to-day and see how good it is.

The Food beverage of the People.

Vi-Cocoa

made in DELECTALAND

FITZPATRICK

Two Greatest Values in Cycle Goods. Fine New Volume, "EVERYTHING for the CYCLIST" FREE.

SAVES YOU MONEY.

Every possible want. No disappointments. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CYCLES (7 days' free trial). TYRES, TUBES, all Accessories. Send a postcard, H. FITZPATRICK, Dept. 52

—BURNLEY.—

It is nourishment that counts nowadays, and there is no better use for a pint of milk than to make a nutritious Bird's Custard.

Bird's Custard adds enormously to the food value of milk, transforming it from a thin beverage into a satisfying dish, exceptionally rich in body-building nutriment.

The children both love and thrive upon Bird's Custard. Besides being an inexpensive food, without a particle of waste

Bird's Nutritious Custard

is simply delicious. It makes plain boiled rice, war-time puddings, etc., appetizing and enjoyable.

IMPORTANT.—Puddings and stewed fruit require little or no sugar if served with Bird's Custard.

For You

THERE is no need for unaccustomed work, winds, rain, cold or dust to harm your skin and complexion. Use Gibbs's famous Cold Cream Toilet Soap which by virtue of the cleansing soothing cream it contains, will keep your hands soft and white and your complexion clear and fine.

Gibbs's COLD CREAM Toilet Soap

6d. per Tablet—of all Chemists.

After a particularly tiring day's work, walking, or at the shop, factory or office, there is nothing more refreshing than a bath with Gibbs's Cold Cream Soap. Try it and prove how necessary it is to you.

P. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 13), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1.
Established 1713.

NO MORE GERMAN MOUTH ORGANS

A British Invention

THE CHELLAPHONE.

A perfect Pocket Instrument for our Soldiers and Sailors. Post free, with Full Instructions, 1/1 each, or 12s. per doz. from the maker R. FIELD, Lockwood Road, Huddersfield.

GREATEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

Every cultured person needs the best Dictionary, Encyclopædia, and Atlas money can buy. An *incomplete* reference book is useless, failing to give just what you want to know. *Always* the "Century Dictionary, Cyclopædia, and Atlas" is quoted by the leading papers as *the* authority for the meaning of a word or subject. Viscount Bryce describes it "a masterpiece of condensation." Know the facts! Don't guess! This is the motive-power in business behind all movements for increased efficiency and scientific management. Knowledge of facts means money made and money saved. Only a few copies remain for JOHN BULL readers at the special low price; 10s. down and the balance by small monthly payments brings you the new revised and greatly enlarged edition of the "Century Dictionary, Cyclopædia, and Atlas," in twelve large handsome volumes, costing £300,000, with twenty million words, 600,000 entries, 10,000 coloured and black and white illustrations and over 100 beautifully coloured maps—thirty-three complete reference books in one—150,000 *more* entries than in any other Dictionary or Encyclopædia. At the price offered "the Century" is the cheapest book in the world. It cannot be reprinted.

Send 4 stamps for large prospectus, with over 160 illustrations and a coloured plate. Send now—don't wait till the last set has been sold.

Dept. 34, The Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., 30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

To Defeat an Enemy that Sticketh Closer than a Brother.

Our soldiers are plagued by an enemy that sticketh closer than a brother. Bodily cleanliness is difficult where men are crowded together far from homes filled with h. & c. baths, and with regular laundrying conveniences.

There is one friendly ally that helps "Tommy" to have nights of rest and a mind free from the worry of undesirable live-stock.

That friendly ally is PARASITOX—in the handy form of a non-greasy stick. Rubbed over the underwear, in the seams of clothing, and in the sleeping quarters, it means rest and freedom from crawling biting fleas, lice, bugs, and flies from crawling biting fleas, lice, bugs, and other "undesirable neighbours." In Italy, Palestine, Mesopotamia, East Africa, India, and other "hot stations," PARASITOX will also free the men from the painful and rest-disturbing and dangerous malaria and disease-infected mosquitoes and other deadly flies.

ON SALE AT ALL CANTEENS, 1/-

PARASITOX

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THE Soldier's Friend.

Obtainable at all Principal Chemists and Stores; or from Supply Pharmacies, 105, Piccadilly, and Branches.

FREE!

ECZEMA CURE

SKIN SUFFERERS—Send to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free, of the wonderful new skin discovery, D. D. D. Prescription, a liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives INSTANT RELIEF in all cases of ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RING-WORM, AND ALL SKIN DISEASES. It cures quickly, permanently. It kills and throws off the diseased germs that are deeply buried in the skin. If heals as no salves possibly can, for salves clog the pores and cannot penetrate to the deeply buried germs. Post card to-day for the free trial bottle. It will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered. Send no stamps. A post-card will do.

D. D. D. LABORATORIES,
(M.N 20) 18, Fleet Lane, London, E.C. 4.

SHORTHAND IN 1 HOUR

Pitman's Shorthand is the simplest high-speed system in the world. There are only 6 rules and 24 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. That stage reached, practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute

Send stamp to-day for first lesson to Pitman's Business College, Room J, Shaftesbury

TRY FIRST LESSON

BICYCLE BARGAINS.—Write before it is too late for my clearance lists. Premiers, Humbers, Centaurs, Swifts, Triumphs, Rovers, Raleighs, Court Royals, &c., Hand Machines from £4 4s. cash (owner's price £12 12s.).—Cycle Depot (1913) Ltd., the Great Cycle Dealer, Coventry.

'Bullets'

2ND Prize £25 | **1ST PRIZE →** | **£200** | **← 1ST PRIZE** | **3RD Prize £10**

'Bullets'

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES.

☛ **Please Note that Next Week "Bullets" First Prize will be Increased to £1,000.**

No. ___ Closing Date, Thursday, May 23rd

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(286) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

☛ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 23rd

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(286) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 286. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 23rd

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(286) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for next week's "Bullets" Competition, **No. 287.** These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before **THURSDAY, JUNE 6th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **287** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 287,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. **Such coupons MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-three Examples for Competition **286.**

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 287.

THE GERMAN WAY—MOST PRECIOUS—ROTTEN LUCK—FOR THE DURATION—PLENTY TO DO—SHOCK TROOPS—LOADED WITH CARE—GETTING BETTER—HAPPY FAMILY—EXTRA SPECIAL—GETTING HOME STRAIGHT—WON'T PASS—HIDE AND SEEK—THE OLD FIRM—AFTER THE GIRLS—WHAT FATHER THINKS—READY TO CHANGE—MY SWEETHEART—BROKER'S MAN—THE KAISER EXPERTS

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 286.

BEHIND THE SCENES	PLOTTING AND PLANNING	BACKWARD ARE
SPOILING FOR A FIGHT	THE BEST PERSONS	BEING CONSCRIPTED
OUT OF POCKET	UNTAXED LUXURY	PARTY POLITICS
THE AMERICAN ARMY	POSSESSES FEW	WILLING TO GO
MAKES ME GLAD	SOFT LOCKS	DRILLING FATHER
NOTHING BETTER THAN	NOT IN OUR TIME	DEAR FRIENDS
ARMY OF OFFICIALS	BABY'S BOTTLE	WHAT FLAPPER FASHION
MOST INVITING WHEN	FOOD OF SCRAPS	SO FOOL
TALKING SHOP	GOING AGAINST WILL	WAR BONDS
IN A ROTTEN STATE	CAN'T BE BOUGHT	WON'T SURRENDER
GOING TO POT	CLINGING TO POST	MAKES KAISER THINK

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-three examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—WON'T SURRENDER. Bullet:—FROM ANY SACRIFICE, TOMMY. Example:—NO FOOL. Bullet:—FIGHT, WHEN SURRENDERING. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for economy. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated June 8th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated May 18th.

RESULT OF 283rd "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Miss PEGGY WALSH, 3, Sudell Cross, Blackburn.

Example:—THE KAISER'S HOPE.

Bullet:—FOUNDED ON "PREMATURE CONCLUSION."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. E. W. MORGAN,
4th, Kensington Hill, Bridlington, Bristol.

Example:—GENERAL FOCH.

Bullet:—OVERLOOKING ALL—OVERLOOKING NOTHING.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. CAMPBELL BLAKELY,
226, Albert Bridge Road, [illegible], Ireland.

Example:—GERMANY WON'T.

Bullet:—"HOLD"—ALLIES CRUSHED SOON.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. T. CORELL, 28, Vale Road, Great Crosby, Liverpool:
GENERAL FOCH—A FIGHTER FOR GENERATIONS.

Mr. F. DYSON, 336, Central Park Road, East Ham, London, E.:
THE KAISER'S HOPE—HOPE ENDLESS—END HOPELESS.

Mr. W. ROE, 15, Ruby Terrace, Spennymoor:
PAYING FOR WAR—"ALL WAYS" YOURS TRULY.

Mr. G. BEER, 97, John Street, Merthyr Tydfil:
LOSING HIS HEAD—SOMETIMES DISASTROUS "TO WITNESS."

Mr. R. M. COYLE, 58, Gt. Junction St., Leith:
GERMANY WON'T—THANK HER "STARS."

Mr. C. SWEENEY, Chief Stoker, H.M.S. "Australia," c.o. G.P.O., London:
GETTING READY—GOVERNMENT "FOR A CHANGE."

Mr. C. DEVLIN, 17, Elaine Street, Belfast:
LOVE LETTERS—AUSTRIA ISN'T SENDING GERMANY.

Miss J. THOMSON, Vicars Road, Stonehouse, Lanarkshire:
WHEN WEATHER CHANGES—SOMETIMES "COMING OFF" SHORTLY.

Mr. S. J. WARRICK, 35, Hovenden Road, Cricklewood, N.W.:
WHAT BOTTOMLEY WANTS—DECREED FIRST, DECREED LATER.

Lieut. L. J. CLARENCE, 12, Hartington Road, West Ealing, W.:
LOSING HIS HEAD—WOULD IMPROVE KAISER'S APPEARANCE.

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

S.-Sgt. D. McINNES, A.P.C., 7, Rochdale Road, Pleasington, Blackburn:
WHEN "VICTORY" COMES—WILL THE "DISASTROUS" PAY?

Mr. T. W. REES, 16, Graham Street, Airdrie, Scotland:
GERMANY WON'T—"TRADE" ON HER REPUTATION.

Mr. H. JONES, 5, St. Mark's Street, Kemp Town, Brighton:
GERMANY READY—MORE EXPERTS—KAISER.

Mr. T. FISHER, 108, Heathorpe Rd., Doncaster:
SOOTHING SYRUP—NEARLY SETTLED BRITISH LION.

P.C. JOHN DAVIS, No. 22, County Constabulary, Wattsville, Cross Keys, Mon.:
LOVE LETTERS—COMING DOWN "X's" LATER.

Mr. H. COATES, 30, Thirlberg St., Bradford:
HOME RULE—AUSTRIA'S LOSING IT GRADUALLY.

Mr. W. PROCTOR, 64, Christie St., Paisley, N.:
PRIVATE MATTERS—GOVERNMENT THINKS WIFE DOESN'T.

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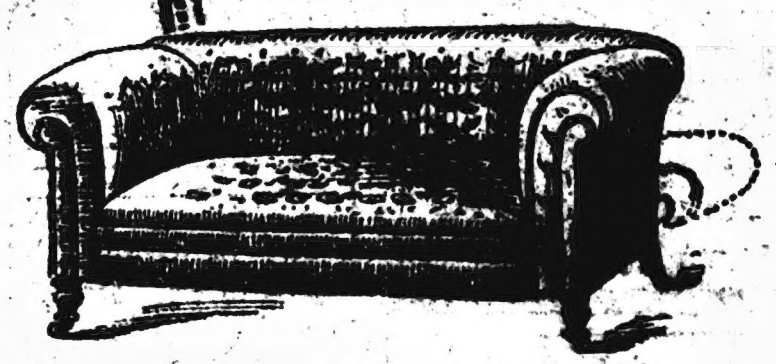

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